The News and Herald.

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A MOTHER'S REVERY.

They tell me to be happy,
With all these things to do—
With Jimmie's little pants to mend,
And Mamie's dresses, too.

While dinner waits for serving;
Soon will the darlings come,
With appetites all sharpened so
When they arrive at home.

When Will dislikes to see me
In this old dress so grey;
He told me so this morning twice
Before he went away.

He said the blush had faded
From off my cheek so fair,
But ten years have departed since
The roses lingered there.

He knows not of my troubles,
At morning, noon, and night—
He wonders why my eyes so sad
Have lost their old love light.

Dear Will, it is the children,
That vex their mother so;
We'll wait until they have grown up,
Then things will change you know.

Ten years have passed—the children,
Sleep in the silent tomb;
While everything around me seems
Like mockery and gloom.

Oh, I should be so happy,
With twice as much to do;
If only but the children were
Around to vex me too.

What Carl Brought his Mother.

"What shall I bring you from town to-day, mother?"

Mrs. Bradley looked at the bright, cheery face of the speaker, a lad not more than fourteen, but unusually tall and well developed for his years.

"I don't know that we need anything, do we, Carl? That is, anything we can do without, you know."

Here Mrs. Bradley paused, as if unwilling to sadden that brave, hopeful spirit by alluding to the burden that weighed so heavily upon her heart.

"Yes, I know, mother. But I know, too, that this is your birthday; and that the best mother and prettiest little woman in the world deserves a present of some kind. So what shall it be?"

Mrs. Bradley blushed and smiled, like a girl in her teens. She had not only been remarkably pretty in her youth, but was so still; looking altogether too young to be the mother of a boy as old as Carl.

"You won't always think so, I'm afraid! Bring yourself safely back to me, together with all the money you can get for the fruit and vegetables, and that will be all the present I shall want. I hope they will sell well, because——"

"They ought to sell well," said Carl, filling up the wistful pause that followed, and looking with pride and satisfaction upon the contents of the neat market wagon, and which were, mainly, the result of his own skill and industry.

The display was both varied and tempting. There were green peas and corn; fresh, crisp lettuce and celery; bunches of radishes, beets and turnips. All of them arranged with so much care and nicety as to greatly enhance their attractiveness and value.

The fruit consisted of early pears and apples, whose mellow fragrance filled the air, together with the cherries and currants, which gleamed forth redly and temptingly from out the green leaves that shaded them.

"Never fear, mother," laughed Carl as he gathered up the reigns; "I could dispose of twice the amount, if they were all like this."

Leaning over the rustic gate, Mrs. Bradley gazed after the retreating wagon, a glow of maternal pride and tenderness upon the fair, sweet face, which gave it a new and wondrous beauty.

"Carl is a real treasure, a great comfort to me," she thought. "He is like his father."

Then a feeling of compunction touched her heart, as she thought how little love she had given to the grave, quiet man of nearly twice her years, who had been to her so kind a friend and protector, mingled with an emotion of thankfulness that he had never known it, that the wifely duty, the grateful affection, which were all she had to bestow, had been so much to him that he had blest her for them with his dying breath.

But for that fatal quarrel, and still more fatal misunderstanding, how different her life had been! But God had been very good to her, especially in giving her so good and hopeful a son. And if, by their united efforts, they could save their little home, she would be content.

It was always a long and lonely day to his mother when Carl was away. He was so strong and patient, so merry and cheerful, that all the sunshine seemed to vanish from the house when he left.

Mrs. Bradley had been more like a child to her husband than a wife, by whom she had been considered as something to be carefully guarded from toil and hardship; and Carl had fallen into very much the same way of treating her. It was amusing to see the protecting air he assumed, by virtue of his sex and superior size and strength.

He liked to have his mother in the garden with him, but more for the sake of her society than work. If she attempted anything harder than sorting or arranging the fruit and vegetables, he would say:

"That's too hard work for you, mother; I'll do it!"

Speaking so like his father as sometimes to almost startle her.

In spite of the substantial lunch put up for him, Carl always returned—to use his own expression—"as hungry as a bear!" So the sun had hardly touched the western hills when Mrs. Bradley commenced preparations for supper.

The snowy cloth was laid upon the round table, and the plates, knives and forks, and shining tea-service arranged on it with as much care and precision as if she had been expecting some guests of distinction.

In front of Carl's plate was a platter of cold meat and vegetables, which she knew by experience would receive his first attention. Marshaled around this were loaves of white and brown bread, a plate of honey, and dishes of currants and raspberries.

Everything was in readiness except the tea, which Mrs. Bradley left for the last moment, so as to have it nice and fresh.

The sun had gone down behind the hills. Blossom, a beautiful Alderney, whose big black eyes looked almost human in their color and expression, was lowing at the bars, as though remonstrating at this unwonted forgetfulness of her claims.

"I've half a mind to milk her myself," said Mrs. Bradley, as she glanced at the shining pail on its wooden peg in the porch. "I don't see what keeps Carl!"

Then the remembrance of Carl's parting injunction induced her to go down again to the gate, to see if there were any signs of him.

As she did so, she caught a glimpse of the wagon coming slowly up the hill, Carl sitting in front holding, something very carefully on his knees.

With an inward wonder as to what this could be, she darted back into the summer-kitchen, and had just removed the ashes from a bed of glowing coals, when Carl entered, coming in through the front way.

"Why, Carl, what has kept you so late?"

"Oh, mother!" cried Carl excitedly, "I've had such a strange adventure! Come into the front room and see what I've brought you!"

Wondering not a little, Mrs. Bradley followed Carl into the front room. And there, upon a pretty, chintz-covered lounge, lay a beautiful little girl, about four years old, fast asleep.

"Goodness me!" she ejaculated, with uplifted eyes and hands, "where did you get that?"

"I didn't get her," responded Carl, "she came to me. I believe the Lord sent her!" added the boy, dropping his voice, and a solemn look coming into his eyes, as they rested upon the sweet picture before him.

And, certainly, there was never a sweeter picture than that round, dimpled face, with the bright halo of golden curls that encircled it.

As Mrs. Bradley gazed upon the little stranger, its beauty and helplessness appealed strongly to the purest and sweetness instincts of her nature.

"It is a very a very lovely child, Carl. But I don't understand——"

"Of course you don't!" laughed Carl, rubbing his hand with boyish glee, as he took another survey of his new-found treasure. "How should you, when I haven't told you?

"To go back to the beginning, the first time I saw the little thing she was sitting on Mrs. Moreland's steps, crying. Mrs. Moreland is the lady who engaged so many of our purple plums. I had sold everything but them, and when I went up the steps with the basket I filled the child's chubby hands as full as they could hold.

"I was all of fifteen minutes in Mrs. Moreland's. I thought I should never get away; she had so much to say, and it took her such a time to get change and have the plums measured. I didn't see the little girl when I came out, and supposed she belonged to somebody in one of the houses near by, and that she had gone in. I turned Charley's head homeward; and you know how he pricks up his ears and trots along when I do that. I had got quite a piece out of town when I heard a little cry. At first I thought it was along the roadside, and stopping the wagon, I looked around. Not seeing anything, I drove on. Pretty soon I heard another cry louder and more impatient, and which sounded as if it was just back of me. I turned my head, and there the little thing was, sitting among the empty baskets and boxes!

"I was astonished enough at first, and then I saw just how it happened.

"You see, the wagon was close to the steps, and she had clambered into the back part, after more plums, perhaps, and being tired out wandering around, had gone to sleep."

"But, Carl, you ought to have carried her right back."

"So I did, mother; that's what made me so late. I drove straight back to Mrs. Moreland's, and she didn't know anything about her. I asked the people in some of the other houses and they didn't either. One man told me to take her to the station. But I wouldn't do that—such a little bit of a baby—so I just brought her home to you."

Here the child awoke and began to cry, partly from hunger and partly from seeing the strange faces that bent over her.

Those violet eyes, with their grieved, wondering look, awoke a strange thrill in Mrs. Bradley's heart, and clasped their owner in her arms, she carried her out to where Carl's supper was awaiting for him.

Carl would have fed the hungry child with the substantial food so grateful and necessary to him, though he yielded readily to his mother's suggestion that warm milk would be better.

While he was out milking, Mrs. Bradley questioned the child, but could gain no information, save that her name was Dora and her papa's name "papa." There was no name upon the clothing, whose elegance and fineness of texture indicated that she was the child of wealth, carefully and tenderly nurtured.

Dora partook eagerly of the nice bread and milk that were prepared for her, falling asleep immediately after, so that it was with some difficulty that she was inducted into the little night-dress, which Carl could hardly believe that he had ever worn, even when his mother told him so, and how quickly he outgrew it.

He watched the process with great interest.

"You'll keep her, won't you, mother?" he said, as he kissed one of the white, dimpled feet. "You've often said that you wished you had a little girl."

"If no one claims her. We must do all we can to find out to whom she belongs. There are hearts that are very sorrowful to-night, mourning the loss of their darling."

The next day Mrs. Bradley wrote out a full description of Dora for the daily *Harbinger*, and which she gave to Carl to take to the village postoffice.

As he walked along, thinking of the mortgage, which threatened to deprive them of their little home, and wishing that he was a man, that he might get a man's wages, he saw an elegant barouche approaching, drawn by a span of coal-black horses, whose silver-mounted harness glittered in the sunlight.

It contained only two persons: it's colored driver, and a stately-looking, middle-aged gentleman, who ordered the carriage to stop, as soon as he saw Carl.

"Boy, can you tell me where the Widow Bradley lives?"

"That is my mother's name. She lives in the third house, on the right hand, straight ahead."

The man smiled.

"I am Judge Haviland. You must be Carl Bradley, who found and took such kind care of my little Dora. I am impatient to see her—jump in and tell my man where to stop."

There was something more than curiosity in the keen eyes that surveyed Carl as he obeyed.

"Was not your mother's maiden name Wynne—Helen Wynne?"

"Yes, sir."

"I used to know her when she was a girl, and a very beautiful girl she was, too."

"My mother is very beautiful now."

"I don't doubt it," smiled the judge. "And you are her son? Dear! dear! how time does fly, to be sure."

Mrs. Bradley was sitting upon the vine-covered porch, with Dora in her arms, who had fallen fast asleep, and did not see the two until they were close upon her.

Strange and tender emotions stirred Judge Haviland's heart as he saw that fair, sweet woman, the never-forgotten love of his youth, holding his motherless child to her bosom.

"It is Judge Haviland, mother," said Carl, in response to that startled inquiring look.

"Helen—Mrs. Bradley, how shall I thank you for your kindness to my little daughter? I hope you have not found her troublesome?" he added, as the suddenly-awakened child sprang eagerly to his arms.

"On the contrary, I—that is to say, we, Carl and I, shall be sorry to part with her."

"You need not unless you choose. My lad," turning to Carl, "will you go down to the road and look after my horses?"

Carl could see no necessity for "looking after" the horses, whose driver appeared to be a faithful and competent man; but a sort of instinct kept him down by the gate until Judge Haviland made has appearance.

Carl found his mother in a state of agitation, whose nature he could not define; there were traces of tears upon her face, and yet he thought that he had never seen her eyes so bright, or her cheeks so blooming.

To his great delight Judge Haviland decided to leave Dora, for the present, with her new friends, to use his own words, "for the sake of country air and country living." But he came to see her often—almost every day in fact; so that Carl was, in a measure, prepared for the announcement that was made to him one evening, as they were all out on the porch together, and which the judge gave in a way peculiar to him.

"I have news for you, my boy, and which I hope will make you as happy as it has mae me. Your mother is going to be my wife, and Dora, your own little sister!"

The boy was silent, and his face being hidden by the curly head of the child that was clinging to his neck, his mother could not see how he took this.

"Are you sorry, my son? I shall love you just the same."

Carl smiled as he met that anxious, appealing look.

"I am glad, mother; for your sake and mine, very glad."

A Good Reason.

He was a regular dandy in appearance. He wore kid gloves, plug hat, gaiters with cloth uppers, a natty cut away coat hidden beneath a checkered ulster, and a pair of mouse-colored linen pantaloons.

Everybody noticed his summer trousers as he walked down the street.

"Hey, mister!" shouted the boy, "shoot the pants."

Still he paid no attention.

"There goes a Hesquimaux," shrieked another gamin.

Then he sought refuge in a sample-room, where one man took the liberty of inquiring:

"Why don't you wear cloth trousers; you'll kill yourself going around that way in this kind of weather."

The man didn't reply, but got near the stove.

"Guess he's a poet trying to come the eccentric," suggested another.

After a few moments of silence another man bawled out:

"If I were you I'd drive my legs into the sleeves of my ulster and tie the skirts around my neck."

After several more had quizzed him on the absurdity of wearing summer pantaloons in midwinter, he got up and shouted:

"Would you all like to know why I wear summer trousers now?"

"Yes, yes!" they answered, unanimously.

"Well, its because they're all I've got!" His reply was satisfactory.

The Zulus as Lion Hunters.

Of the skill and courage of the Zulus many anecdotes are told, of which the following is a specimen: Some few years ago a Zulu hunter, hearing a young British officer speak somewhat lightly of native prowess, offered to give him a specimen of it by killing single handed a huge lion which infested the neighborhood. The challenge was accepted, and the brave fellow at once set out on his dangerous errand, the officer and several of his comrades following at a distance. Having drawn the beast from his lair, the hunter wounded him with a well flung spear, and instantly fell flat on the ground beneath his huge shield of rhinoceros hide, which covered his whole body like the lid of a dish. The lion, having vainly expended his fury upon it, at length drew back a few paces. Instantly the shield rose again, a second lance struck him, and his furious rush encountered only the impenetrable buckler. Foiled again, the lion crouched close beside his ambushed enemy, as if meditating a siege, but the wily savage raised the further end of the shield just enough to let him creep noiselessly away in the darkness, leaving his buckler unmoved. Arrived at a safe distance, he levelled his third spear at the broad yellow flank of the royal beast with such unerring aim as to lay him dead on the spot, and then returned composedly to receive the congratulations of the wondering spectators.

Profit, $1,200.

"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness, costing $200 per year, total, $1,200—all of this expense was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters taken by my wife. She has done her own housework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it, for their benefit."

Hudson Bay Dog Teams.

Profanity—and particularly French profanity, seems a necessary adjunct to dog-driving. It is unfortunate that, by some inscrutable dispensation of Providence, the only method of reaching a dog's reason should be through unlimited imprecation. But speaking with the experience of many days of dog-travel and an intimate acquaintance with a score or more of dog trains I have never seen an attempt made to reach it in any other way. I do not seek to exaggerate, but simply to present dog-driving as it really is—an inhuman thrashing and varied cursing. The cruelty with which dogs are treated cannot be excused. It is true they are obstinate and provoking, and require severe beating, especially from a new driver, till the team is brought into subjection. But when helpless animals undergoing severe labor in the trains, are not merely beaten on the body with heavy lashes, but symetrically flogged on the head till their ears drip blood—beaten with whip handles till their jaws and noses are cut open with deep wounds—cudjelled with clubs, knelt upon and stamped upon until their howls turn into low moans of agony—punishment merges into sheer brutality. And yet such treatment is of common occurrence. As I said, the beatings from being intermittent became incessant. Many of the dogs had so exhausted themselves by violent dartings hither and thither in their endeavors to dodge the blows of the descending whip, that they had no strength left for the legitimate task of hauling the sledge. The heads of others were reduced to a swollen, pulpy mass by tremendous thrashings, while one or two had given out altogether and had been taken from the harness and abandoned on the plain. The operation of "sending a dog to Rome" had been performed more than once—a brutal operation in which the driver sinks below the level of the beast. Sending a dog to Rome, is effected by simply beating him over the head with a club or heavy whip handle until he falls insensible to the ground. When he revives, with the memory of the awful blows that deprived him of consciousness fresh upon him he pulls franticly at his load. A dog is sent to Rome for various and often trivial provocations—because he shirks or will not pull, because he will not permit the driver to adjust some hitch in his harness. While he is insensible the necessary alteration is made, and upon recovering consciousness he receives a terrible lash of the whip to set him going again.

A Morning Call From A Panther.

"I suppose you're wondering why I keep that ugly old chest," said Mrs. R——, "and I must own that it's not very ornamental; but it saved my life once, for all that. I see you think I'm making fun of you, but I'm not, indeed; and when you hear the story, I think you'll agree with me that I have good reason to value it, ugly as it looks.

"This was how it happened. When we first came out to India, my husband was sent to make the survey of the Nerbudda Valley, one of the wildest bits in all central India; and we really were, just at first the only white people, within 40 or 50 miles. And such a time as we had of it! If my husband hadn't been as strong as he is, and a perfect miracle of patience as well, I don't know how we could have stood what he had to do. It was dreadful werk for him, being up sometimes for a whole night together, or having to stand out in the burning sun, when the very ground itself was almost too hot to touch. And as for the native workmen, I never saw such a set,—always doing everything wrong, and never liking anybody to put them right. When the railway was being made they used to carry the earth on their heads in baskets; and when Mr. R—— served out wheel-barrows to them, the actually carried them on their heads in the same way! I couldn't help laughing at it, though it was terrible provoking, too. And that was just the way they all were: if there was a wrong way of using anything they'd be sure to find it out. Even our butler, or *khitmutgar* who was much better than most of them, came one day and begged a pair of old decanter-labels that my husband was going to throw away; and when the man came in the next morning, he had positively turned them into ear-rings, and went about quite gravely with 'Port' in one ears and 'Sherry' in the other!

"However, if the native men worried me, the native beasts were 50 times worse. It was no joke, I can assure you, to be awaked in the middle of the night by the roar of a tiger close under the window or by an elephant crashing and trumpeting through the jungle with a noise like a mail-coach going full gallop into a hot-house. Well, as soon as that was over, the jackals would set up a squealing and whimpering like so many frightened children; and then a dreadful native bird, whose name I've never found out (I suppose because nobody could invent one bad enough for it), would break out in a succession of the most horrible cries—just like somebody being mnrdered,—until the noise nearly drove me wild.

"And then the ants! but you've seen them for yourself, and I needn't tell you about them. But all this while I'm neglecting my story.

"One day (it will be long enough before I forget it) my husband was out as usual at his work, and the nurse had gone down to the other native servants at the end of the 'compound,' as we call this big inclosure; and I was left alone in the house with my little Minnie yonder, who was then just about a year old. By this time I had got over my first fears, and didn't mind a bit being left by myself; indeed all the lower windows having bars across them, I thought that I was safe enough; but I little dreamed of what was coming!

"I must have been sitting over my sewing nearly an hour, with the child playing about the floor beside me when suddenly I heard a dull thump overhead, as if something had fallen upon the roof. I didn't think anything of it at the moment, for one soon gets used to all sorts of strange sounds in the Indian jungle; but presently I thought I could hear a heavy breathing in the next room but one, and I began to feel frightened in earnest. I rose as softly as I could, and crept to the door-way between the rooms. This door-way was only closed by a curtain, and gently pulling aside the folds, I peeped through—and found myself within a few paces of the largest panther I had ever seen in my life!

"For one moment it was just as if I had been frozen stiff, and then the thought came to me just as if somebody has spoken it; 'The big chest!'

"I knew that this chest would hold me and my child easily, and that I could leave a chink of the lid open to let us breathe, for the overlapping edge would save my fingers from the panther. In a second I had it all clear before me; but had the brute not stopped short at sight of the curtain, I should never have had a chance of trying it. Luckily for me the Indian panther, savage as he is, is a terrible coward, and suspicious as any detective. I've seen one go round and round a trap for more than half an hour, before he made up his mind to spring at the bait. So, while my friend was puzzling himself over the curtain, and wondering whether it was meant for a trap or not, I took up Minnie, (who, poor little pet seemed to know there was something wrong, and never uttered a sound) and into the chest I crept, making as little noise as I could.

"I was hardly settled there when I heard the 'sniff-sniff' of the panther coming right up to where I lay, and through the chink that I had left upon, the hot, foul breath came steaming in upon my face, almost making me sick. It seemed to bring my heart into my mouth when I heard his great claws scraping the edge of the lid, and trying to lift it up; but, happily, the chink was too narrow for his paw to enter. But if the paw couldn't, the tongue could; and soon he began to lick my fingers, rasping them so that I hardly knew how to bear it. Still, the touch of Minnie's little arm around my neck seemed to give me courage.

"But there was far worse than this to come; for the panther suddenly leaped right on top of the chest, and his weight pressed down the heavy lid upon my fingers, until the pain was so terrible that unable to stand it any longer, I screamed with all my might.

"The scream was answered by a shout, from just outside, in which I recognized my husband's voice. The panther heard it, too, and it seemed to scare him, for he made a dash for the window, either forgetting or not noticing the iron bars; but just as he reached it, there came the crack of a rifle, and I heard the heavy brute fall upon the floor, Then all the fright seemed to come back upon me at once, and I fainted outright.

"I heard afterward that Mr. R—— had happened to want some instrument which he had left at the house; and, not wishing to trust it in the hands of any of the natives, he came back for it himself—luckily, just in time, for the bullet from his rifle killed the panther. But as you see, my hand it pretty stiff yet.

Chloride of Sodium.

Early one morning a tremendous commotion was created in a lodging-house on B street, Virginia City, by an inveterate wag, who really ought to be taken care of at once. The man was lodging in the house, and, about eight o'clock came down from his room and told the landlady that her little boy had found a box of chloride of sodium on his wash-stand and had taken some. "If you can get a stomach-pump into him inside of an hour, he'll live. Now don't get excited; keep cool Put a mustard plaster on his stomach at once, and send for all the doctors in reach. You'll be sure to find one at home." By this time the frantic mother had the boy stretched out on the bed, and was getting a square yard of mustard plaster ready. At the same time she dispatched three boys and a little girl for medical aid. "Here," said the wag, coolly, "I'll leave you the name of the chemical on a piece of paper—chloride of sodium. Make no mistake; any doctor will know what to do the minute he sees the name. It's all right; now don't cry. It won't have the slightest effect under an hour. Keep cool. Don't frighten the child. I'll go down and send up some doctors myself, and here the young man started at a brisk pace down town, and soon had several doctors routed out of their offices. Meanwhile the boy, who was nine years old, was bawling at the top of his voice, and some of the ladies from neighboring houses came in to help him on the bed while the mustard plaster was spread over his stomach. Every woman who came in was shown the name of the poison written on the paper, and they ejaculated: "Mercy on us!" Gracious me!" "Oh my!" and "Merciful heavens!" in concert. Presently the doctors began to arrive, Dr. Harris came tearing up the alley with a stomach-pump, followed by Webber, Anderson, Conn, Pritchard, Grant, Heath, Bergstein, and indeed all the medical faculty of the city, with medicine cases and instruments and stomach pumps. At the sight of so formidable array the patient (on whom the plaster was drawing like a ten-mule team) set up a howl of despair.

"What has he taken, Madame?" asked Dr. Harris hurriedly.

"Here's the paper," cried the mother, sobbing. "That's the stuff he took."

The doctor read the inscription, passed it too the next man with a laugh, and it went round the group. Presently some one remarked, "Salt by thunder!"

They explained to the weeping mother that she had been [illegible] made the victim as well [illegible] of a cruel hoax, Th[illegible] laugh, but when that [illegible] his lodgings to-night [illegible]n.

Rub Your Glasses.

Are the eyes of any ot our readers at that stage when, from long use, they need assistance in their more difficult work? No blame to the eyes! What other instrument is there which so well endures the strain of half a century's continuous work? For it is somewhere near life's fiftieth year that this stage is reached by the eyes. Are you not a little awkward in the use of the new instrument? You hold out a good while, till it was a question at length of arm, almost as much as shortness of sight. Do not you feel as if you ought to make a little explanatory statement before you produce it, for the first time, in company? You have been, just to save your eyes, "using glasses" in private, your wife perhaps, or your husband, resenting it as a piece of affectation, and kindly pooh pooing the idea of age making them necessary to you. But they are necessary; and it will be a great relief to you when you are known to use them, and their appearance evokes neither surprise nor comment. But that is neither here nor there. We refer to the new experience in using the glasses, and its most valuable suggestiveness. You find now and then that type is indistinct; the objects are dim or blurred; the eye does not define; and you learn to take off the glasses, and with the clean pocket-handkerchief clear the lenses, and lo! the lines grow sharp, and the vision is distinct. It is easy for you and me, friend to perform this mechanical process: but there is its counterpart in the mind's eye, which is more important and immensely more difficult. In this thing we can see the want in our neighbor's glasses more readily than in our own; so we shall look to theirs. All men have their weaknesses, all except you and I, dear reader, and a few of our most intimate friends. Let us look for our facts where they can be found.

Some men, for example—not of course, in our set—have prejudices, through which they look. Somehow they have what they facetiously call judgments on certain matters, and nothing will shake their judgments. To be sure, the judgment came before the argument. They are the very reverse of the honest and candid criminal who, when asked, "Guilty or not guilty?" naively said, "How can I tell till I hear the evidence?" They see all that appertains to these matters through coloring or confusing matter. They should rub their glasses. We can see that, but they do not; for, as some one shrewdly says, what is sight or observation to a good sound prejudice? Self-love dulls the mind's perceptions, especially if wounded. The wounded part is always abnormally sensitive. Men do not like their class to be censured. You and I do not like—beg pardon—other men do not like the connections of anything or anybody that strikes, or has struck, or might, could, or would, strike at them. The Staffordshire boor—the story is familiar, but venerable—killed the unoffending gosling on the roadside. The farmer's wife resented it, and demanded, "Why?"—"An' whoi," was the reply, "did goose-chick's father nibble Oi?" It is dangerous for any gosling to be connected with an ancestor that has obeyed a native instinct and "nibbled" boors on the roadside. Present enjoyment has the same obscuring tendencies. You and I read "Billiards" on a window, and we have visions that are not pleasant of gambling, drinking, hapless homes, "unpleasantness," wasted lives, and gloomy deaths. But those fine young fellows inside, with their coats off, under the shaded lamps, they see nothing of those horrors. They think you and me "fogies," and only for politeness' sake would call us "old women."

Passengers.

I think the adjuster is the most observant man I ever met on a train. He sees every thing, and notes the peculiarities of the people he meets before he has seen them. We sat in a car together up in Wisconsin one day and he said:

"Don't you always notice, in every car in which you ride, the fool that always sits directly before you, and always opens the window every time the engine whistles, and sticks his head and shoulders out to see what they are doing at that station, and never closes the window till the station is out of sight?"

"Yes, I had; and he never saw anybody he knew at any station?"

"Never," said the adjuster, "and he never sees anything anybody is doing at the station, and can't tell the name of the station while he is at it?"

"And always scrapes the back of his head against the sharp edge of the window sash when he pulls it in," I said, "and then dismally rubs his head while he turns around and looks suspiciously at you, as though he believes you did it, and did it on purpose?"

"And the man who is waiting at the station to see the train come in?" continued the adjuster, "the man with butternut overalls tucked into his boots, tawny beard, arms crammed into his pockets up to the elbows, mouth wide open—you never miss him; when you go down, he is standing there at sunset; when you come back at sunrise, he is waiting for you; never sees anybody he knows get off the train, never sees anybody he knows get on, never expects to; would be astonished to death if he should happen to see an acquaintance come or go; isn't paid for it, but it's his business. Has nothing else in the world to do. Is always there. If the train comes in fifteen minutes ahead of time, he has made allowance for it and has been there twenty minutes; if the train is four hours late, he waits for it. You see him at nearly every station."

"Never speaks to anybody," I said.

"Never," said the adjuster, "and if anybody speaks to him he says 'Dunno.' If the baggageman runs over him with a truck he says, 'Huh!' and shrinks up a little closer against the station, but never gets out of the way."

"And do you remember the man who sits behind you and whistles?" I asked.

"And when he gets tired of whistling in your ear, sings bass?" suggested the adjuster.

"And never whistles or sings anything that you know?"

"Or that he knows?"

"And the 'masher,' whose breath is nearly as bad as his morals, who wants to tell you all about the daughter of a wealthy merchant who was 'just dead gone' on him the last time he went over this road?"

"And the man behind you who bites off half an apple at one bite and then puts his chin on your shoulder and tries to talk to you about the weather and crops?"

"And the man who comes into the car at the front door, walks clean back and out on the rear platform, looking at each one of a dozen empty seats, hunting for a good one, and then turns back to find every last seat taken by the people who came in after him.

"And have you never seen the girl get on at some country station," said the adjuster, "fixed up mighty nice for the town, the belle of the village, dressed in more colors than you can crowd into a chromo, half the town down at the station to see her off; she walks across the platform feeling just a little too rich to look at, comes into the car with her head up and plumes flying, expecting to set every woman in that car wild with envy as she walks down the aisle; she opens the door and sees a car full of Chicago girls dressed in the rich, quiet elegance of city girls in their traveling costumes, and see how she drops like a shot into the first seat, the one nearest the stove, and looks straight out of the window and never looks anywhere else, and never shakes her plumes again while she stays in the car."

"And the man who wants to talk," I said, "the man who would probably die if he couldn't talk five minutes to every one he rides with; who glares hungrily around the car until his glance rests on the man whom he thinks too feeble to resist him, and opens the intellectual feast by asking him how the weather is down his way; the man who is always most determined to talk when you are the sleepiest, or when you want to read or to think, or just sit and look out of the car window and enjoy your own idle, pleasant, vagrant day dreams?"

"And the man," said Rogers, "who gets on the train and stares at every man in the car before he sits down, and stands and holds the door open while he stares. Who always carries an old-fashioned oil cloth carpet-bag with him, as wide and deep as a fire-screen, and before he sits down takes that carpet-bag by the bottom, rolls it up into a close roll, and puts it in the rack. It is always dead empty. When he leaves home, he never puts a rag or a thread or a button in it. When he comes back it is emptier than it was when he went away. It never had anything in it that he knows of since it was owned in the family, but he will never travel without it."

"And the other man," I said, "who carries nothing in his carpet-bag but lunch, and eats all the way from Chicago to Cairo?"

"And the man who rides on a pass, and stands on familiar terms with the company, and calls the brakeman Johnny?"

"And the man," I said, "who is riding on a pass for the first time, and stands up and holds his hat in his hand when he sees the conductor approaching, and says 'sir' to him as he answers the official's questions and is generally more respectful to him than he is ever going to be again?"

"And the man," he said, "who walks through the entire length of an empty coach looking for a seat, and then goes back and sits down in the first one, nearest the door?"

"And the man," I said, "who always gets left?"

"And the man," he said, "who loses his ticket?"

And thus, with pleasant comments on our fellow passengers did we beguile the weary hours.

Blucher Failed to Appear.

A very thrilling accident happened to the train in which I went to New Carlisle. We were crossing a long bridge at a very high rate of speed, the captain's chronometer indeed indicating a gait of 2.17¼ on the first quarter, when suddenly the engineer staggered into the special drawing room car in which I always travel—big coal stove, in the middle, tool chest at the end, and long seats at the sides, so you can lie down and pound your ear when you are weary—the engineer came in with a face of ashy paleness, and said to the conductor:

"We are lost!"

"What has happened?" eagerly asked the conductor.

I leaned forward and caught the engineer's agonized whisper.

"She's blowed all the packin' clean out of the ash pan!"

Few, few of the other passengers realized the imminent peril through which we were passing, but I sat and listened to the labored sound of men at the pumps, and silently prayed that night or Blucher would come. Night came along after awhile, and we were saved, but Blucher did not put in an appearance, and I afterwards learned he was detained by deafness.

The Wee Mathematician.

A sharp little girl once proved that the language of mathmetics was not as exact as it should be.

A female teacher had a class of beginners—children of 4 and 5 years. In teaching them the ruddiments of arithmetic, she thought to simplify things. The use of the ten numerals she taught by their ten fingers, and in adding or subtracting the single numbers they could reckon upon those digits. The thing worked to a charm and the little one's readily learned thus to solve the first problems of the great science.

One day the class was out for recitation, and subtraction was the theme.

"Five from five leaves how many?" was by-and-by asked a bright-eyed miss of 4 summers.

The little thing up with her fingers and went at it. For a time she seemed exceedingly puzzled, but at length her eyes snapped, and she lifted her head confidently.

"Five!" she said with assured emphasis.

Curious to know how she arrived at that solution, the teacher asked her to explain.

"Why," replied the child, holding out her two hands, and placing them side by side, "zere's five on 'at hand, and five on 'at. Now I take away 'ose five from 'ose five, and—'ere zey be—five!"

About as fine a piece of ocular demonstration in the way of a logical dilemma as you will often meet.

To "head off" such sharp little discoverers and accountants, it will be in order to say, "Five from itself, how many?"

He truly mourns the dead who lives as they desire.